

MAGNIFICENCE OF POTALA, RESIDENCE OF GRAND LAMA IN LHASA, CAPITAL OF TIBET

The correspondent of the London Times who accompanied the British military expedition to Tibet gives the following graphic account of Lhasa, the "Forbidden City," the home of the Lama.

"Today, (August 3) we have come in under the very walls of the Forbidden City. This is perhaps only a conventional expression, for Lhasa has no city walls. They were pulled down in 1721 and the sand embankment, which was built at the same time to protect the western gate from foundation, is one of the first things that attract the eye as one rides in toward Potala, the palace temple of the Lama, built on a hill overlooking the city. The road runs straightly in from the west. It passes the high white and red wall which incloses Norbuling, the summer palace of the Grand Lama, about 600 yards on the right. A little farther on it runs beneath the tangled and overgrown plantations attached to Kunkeling Monastery, which stretch out green and cool beside the dusty Lhasa road, the little worn lane which has become famous through the Buddhist world.

"Even as one approaches it, two trunks, one of them of extreme age, come along twirling their prayer wheels and muttering incessantly the one phase of Lamaism as they go. From the heights of the neck above, which almost joins Potala and Chagpori, there is to be seen at last the great view of Lhasa, to the traveler the most fascinating and perhaps also the most beautiful city panorama in the world.

"There is almost nothing missing from this splendid spectacle. Architecture, forest trees, wide spaces, rivers and streams, mountains—everything lies out before one looking down from the high upon Lhasa immediately at one's feet.

The Lama's Temple Palace.

Between and under the glades and woodland the city of Lhasa itself peeps, an adobe stretch of narrow streets and flat-topped houses ensnared here and there with a blaze of golden roofs or gilded gables. But there is an actual difficulty in looking at it. Besides one, the Potala drags the eye of the mind like a lodestone. For, indeed, sheer bulk and the magnificent adacuity with which simplicity has wrought a mass past the usual could do no more than they have done in this huge palace temple of the Grand Lama. It would dominate London; Lhasa it simply eclipses. By European standard it is impossible to judge it. There is little to which comparison can be made. Perhaps in the austerity of its huge stretches of blank, unvelled, unornamented wall and in the flat unadorned slants of its tremendous southwestern face there is a suggestion of the massive grandeur of Egyptian work, but one only thinks of the likeness to dismiss it again.

This is not only a product of Lamaism, but of Lamaism as it would only be exhibited in the capital of the faith. The contrast of color is no small part of the spectacle and it also is as unlike Tibet and the gaudy preferences of its inhabitants as could be imagined. The vivid white of the butters and the home of hundreds of the crimson-clad dwarfs who stand in the sun at the stair heads, or pigmy-like, man the roof tops—strikes a clean and harmonious note with the sea of green which washes up to their bases. But one is hardly ready for the perfect taste which is not only decided for the rich maroon color of the central building resting—three times as large as Stafford House—upon and between its white supporting bulk and masonry, but added, with the sparing hand of the old illuminator, the golden finials which recompose the whole from roof to roadway. It is in such perfect taste that the glistening tops of the Jokang, visible enough a mile away across the trees, seem a trifle overdone, and even a trifle vulgar in comparison.

Nine Hundred Feet Wide.

The top of Potala is 436 feet above the ground. The extreme width of the main building, exclusive of the outlying portions, is about 900 feet, and it may thus be possible to conceive the mere dimensions of a pile of masonry which it is almost impossible to describe in spite of the simplicity, which after all, remains its most imposing feature. And imposing it is; in

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Mattresses!

Southern Mattress Co., of Pensacola.

Manufacturers of

Standard and Special MATTRESSES.

Orders from the trade for standard grades will be filled promptly at lowest prices in keeping with quality.

WRITE US YOUR WANTS.

PLANT—CORNER CHASE AND CEVALLOS STREETS.

Lhasa there is nothing else. In a way it recalls the domination of the Shwe Dagon over Rangoon, though in every aspect of construction, ornamentation and surroundings it would be hard to imagine two buildings more entirely distinct and different in every detail than the two greatest erections of modern Buddhism.

The utter disproportion between the palace and the town remains a wonder, but a wonder devoid of a trace of ostentation. The pretty town which peeps about between the trees a mile away only emphasizes the tremendous gulf that in Tibet yawns between the people and their priests. The fearful sanctity which hedges the person of their mysterious ruler receives in Lhasa an optical illustration that must impress the dullest pilgrim. The policy of isolation has in Lhasa received a justification startling in its sufficiency, and the devotees of the Potala are perhaps more flattered by their inability thus to impress the white foreigners than by anything else.

From the hill Chagpori the turquoise-roofed bridge, from which both an ancient family and it take their name, is clearly seen 200 yards from a little squat opening in the wall, which is the gate into the inner town. Beyond that again it is lost in the crowded alleys. One can distinguish by its isolation the famous willow opposite the Jokang, which grows from hair of the Buddha, but all else is speculation. One's eyes turn back again from the undistinguished herd of adobe structures to the Potala. There is nothing else to see when one has once looked upon it, a new glory to be forever added to the great architecture of the world.

The View Within the City.

Describing Col. Younghusband's entrance into the city and his reception by the Amban, the Chinese Resident, the correspondent says: "We went by the Pargo Kaling, or Western Gate between the two guardian hills of Lhasa. It is a square opening underneath a golden chorten, with a protective railing of timber along both sides of the passage and blue deity in his most 'terrible' aspect painted on the left-hand wall. Once inside one has an instant view of the whole length of the Potala snatching away giganticly on our left. We went on past the small square crouching beneath the mighty walls of the Potala, and found the monolith pillar put up in 1723 by the Emperor Kang Hsi to celebrate the pacification of Tibet. It is curious that upon it the Tashi-Lhunpo Lama's name precedes that of the Dalai Lama.

Leaving the Potala behind the road now lay across and through the marshes and fields of the great central park and at last brought us to the Yotok Sampa, or Turquoise bridge. This is regarded by the Chinese as one of the Five Beauties of Lhasa, but there is not much to justify such praise, though the roof itself is picturesque enough with its weather-beaten, overlapping tiles. They are, perhaps, more beautiful in their present state, in which the underlying red fights with the worn glare, than when they were new. Almost immediately afterward the road, leaving the swamps and watergrass sargasso, which necessitate the Yotok Sampa, runs beneath the plain, unornamented and undefended doorway—which admits one to the town of Lhasa itself. The first view—perhaps one may as well say at once the last also, is anything but impressive. Great pools of black-scummed water flood the wide, uneven space into which we emerged, and even the Chinese quarter to the right of us was dirtier than Chinese sections generally are. The main drain of the town runs feebly between black mud banks, and in open square before the Chinese Amban's residence herds of pigs grunted in rubbish heaps, which were more than usually repulsive in composition.

Disposition of the Dead.

To the left of the houses of a few Ragabars, or professional scavengers, were betrayed by the famous horn walls which no visitor to Lhasa has failed to notice. Perhaps the sight of these walls reminded one of the other duty of the Ragabars—of cutting up and distribution to animals of the corpses of the dead. The cemetery is only a few steps away, and the reputed food of Lhasa pigs became in a flash a disgustingly probable reflection.

Across the square, splashing through the waterpools, we cavalcaded, and, after the explosion of bombs of honor and the performance by hidden musicians of the only tune known in the East, Col. Younghusband and the mission staff made their way through courtyard after courtyard, past the inevitable gigantic "lions" on either side of the great entrance. The durbar that followed was chiefly an exchange of compliments preliminary to business, but the Amban proved to be a shrewd and sensible man, though a reference to the assassination in Tibet of two of his predecessors may perhaps have betrayed his relief at our presence in Lhasa. As the representative of the suzerain power—however nominal the dependence of Tibet may have become—he is a factor of importance in Tibet, and it is satisfactory that he shows himself willing to do all in his power to bring negotiations to a speedy and satisfactory ending. To this he may perhaps be additionally persuaded by the fact that he has obtained leave to return at once to China as soon as the present difficulty has been settled.

Leaving the residency, Col. Younghusband returned home by the northern road, after making an inspection of a house suggested for his occupation on the south of the city in a pretty and well-wooded enclosure. On the way the comparative insignificance of the town of Lhasa as compared with the Potala was well

shown. Even the Jokang proved to be but a huddled structure, of which the lines are entirely lost in the multitude of public offices and private houses which lean against it on all sides, like those which encumber the exterior of Santa Sophia in Constantinople.

Treaty Inscribed on Stone.

The famous willow tree was the less imposing because it was carefully walled up to a height of 10 feet and even the Doring looked neglected and insignificant. This is a stone slab on which the treaty concluded in 733 between China and Tibet is bilingually inscribed, and it remains to this day as beyond rivalry the oldest document of the Tibetan race.

The main street of Tibet is filthy underfoot and the houses are poor. Across an opening the Muru gampa was seen. Somewhere in the immediate vicinity the Capuchins twice established a Christian chapel, in 1703 and 1704, but the last remains of it appear to have vanished, and in the last century Mr. Hodgson received from the Grand Lama every scrap of property belonging to the extinct mission. Most of it was given to the Pope, and is now in the Vatican library.

The road now turned west and a wide road, or rather a continual puddle, running between the adobe walls of two well-wooded gardens, brought us back to the foot of the Potala and the Pargo Kaling gate.

Physically the town of Lhasa must be admitted to be a poorly built and badly drained town of a type similar to and hardly better than that of other less favored towns in Tibet. The magnificence of the Potala and the beauty of the wide belt of trees and marshes remain, however, and the perfection of the panoramic view from the spur of Chagpori remains, therefore, as well. But if picturesqueness were all, it might be better never to descend into the narrow and mean lanes of the town itself. Today I again went up to see Lhasa from the spur, and the beauty of it was enhanced by the quick changes of sun and shadow across the woods and houses and fields and by the slant of small-colored rain in the hollows of the hills beyond. The Kyl Chu sprawled in half a dozen tints in as many years, and the splendid white of the Potala close at one's side seemed down to pearl gray as the first drops of the daily shower of rain fell heavily.

Worthy of Romance.

Under the fierce sun of today and the almost unclouded sky of Lhasa it is not easy to find fault with the creed, however narrow and merciless, which has built the Potala. It may be an engine of oppression, but its victims have not yet protested; it may be a barrier in itself to any improvement in the peoples upon whose superstition it flourishes; but an attempt to judge a country whose contemporary history is still a chapter of the Dark Ages is foolishness. A little we English may be able to do, and it is our clear duty to do it, little as it may be. But, meanwhile, Lamaism has bestowed upon a hidden paradise the cool greenery and the flashing roofs of a Lhasa, and, thanks to Lamaism alone, the great goal of modern travel proves at Lhasa worthy of the romance in which it has so long been wrapped.

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF STATE OF FLORIDA.

(Live Oak Crescent.)

The report of State Treasurer William V. Knott, should certainly be most gratifying to all Floridians, it shows Florida's finances to be in a splendid condition and is a magnificent testimony to the honest and excellent management of the affairs of the State. The report shows a balance in the State Treasury of over a half million dollars at the close of 1904, and a balance of almost a third of a million in the general fund treasury, to be accurate, \$293,054.58, and this large balance is on hand through no neglect of a single department of the State government. At the close of 1903 there was a balance in the general fund of \$289,063.58, showing an increase this year of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars.

During the present year the general State tax, that is the tax for general revenue purposes has been reduced to 1/2 of 1 mill. It was asserted at the time this reduction was made that it would come a deficiency at the close of 1905, and a matter of fact the reduction of the general revenue State tax would, in the event there were no additional property to come on the tax books, and increases in the amounts received from other sources, be only \$50,000 in round numbers, and the balance on hand would easily stand such a reduction. The reduction should have been made, because it is not good policy to keep a large cash surplus in the State Treasury. The money only lays there idle when it should be left in the pockets of the taxpayers.

Florida's total indebtedness consists of \$601,567 in refunding bonds. These bonds draw 3 per cent. interest per annum, or in other words Florida pays annually \$18,047 interest on its State debt, and to raise this amount only one-sixth of one mill is required of the taxpayers. An insignificant amount, certainly.

It is doubtful if any other State in the Union could make such a showing as Florida made on January 1st. We have not only the lowest tax rate in the Union, but we owe less money and have a smaller bonded indebtedness. What bonds are outstanding are held by the State School Fund, and as a matter of fact we owe not one penny, one fund is simply in debt to another, but even the \$601,567 worth of bonds the State owes it owes to itself, just

THE ONLY GENUINE SACRIFICE SALE!

We set the pace in the way of all bargain offerings, in the
Grand Sacrifice Sale of

GRAY & CO.'S STOCK

As you all know, we bought this fresh, new stock of good, up-to-date Merchandise from the court at 60 cents on the dollar. You also know that each and every article is being sold at a big sacrifice; the result is, we have been taxed to our utmost to wait on the immense crowds from day to day.

Another big lot of goods brought over from our warehouse will go on sale Monday morning at prices that will astonish everyone.

Not two or three specials, used merely as a bait, but everything in our immense stock to be sold regardless of cost or former values.

Here are a few of the hundreds of good things to greet you Monday.

SALE OPENS PROMPTLY AT 8 O'CLOCK.

10 yards Outing Flannel for 39c

19c Best Imperial Chambrays, now 12 1/2c

Ladies' 30c Fine Gauge Fast Black Hose, now on sale at 20c

50c Fine Lace Hose, now only 35c

Everything in Hosiery at Sacrifice Prices.

10 yards Best 5 1-2c Columbia, Garner and Peabody Prints and Central Park Shirtings, 39c per pattern,

20 yards First Crop yard-wide Bleaching going at \$1.00

10 yds Good White Check Nainsook to go for 39c

89c Best Changeable Taffeta Silks; all colors, as long as they last, per yard at 69c

MONDAY
From 8 to 9 a. m. Only.

10 yards Double Width Best 10c Percal, one pattern to each customer for 58c

10 yards Best yard-wide HOPE Bleached Domestic, Lonsdale finish, one pattern to each customer, for 68c

10 yards Genuine B. F. C. Gingham, regular 10 and 12 1-2c values, one pattern to each customer, for 59c

One lot of All-Wool Dress Goods, 50, 65 and 75c values, one pattern to each customer per yard, 29c

ALL CLOAKS, SUITS and SKIRTS below actual cost

36-inch Black and Colored Taffeta Silks, 90c values, to go 69c at

75c All-Silk Taffetas, now 57c

\$1.39 36-inch Black, Guaranteed, Taffeta Silk, a great bargain, 92 1/2c

\$1.50 Genuine German Satin Table Damask, extra wide, beautiful designs, as long as they last, at \$1.19

35c White and Red Table Damask at 22c

69 and 75c Table Damask All Linen, at 52 1/2c

12 1-2c Linen Huck Towels, now 8 1/2c

8c Extra Large Towels, now 5c

All Towels and Table Linens at Sacrifice Prices.

Don't Fail to be on Hand When the Sale Opens Monday
Your Money Back if You Can Match Any of Our
Bargains Elsewhere.

T. H. LANNON & CO.

SAID OF PENSACOLA AND PENSACOLIANS

New Street Railway. Jacksonville is not the only Florida city reaching out for a new street railway. Pensacola is after one, too.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Prevailing Ambition. "We're getting so now that we can write it 1905 without hesitating," says the Pensacola Journal. To write it 1905 without cussing is the principal ambition of most people just now.—Tampa Herald.

Will Fix 'em Hereafter. Judge J. D. Beggs, in the criminal court at Pensacola, last week, imposed fines to the amount of \$2,850.00 for gambling; and in passing sentence the Judge took occasion to say that hereafter parties would work the roads for this crime.—Lake City Index.

Not to One, at Least. The home of Police Officer Puhll, of Pensacola, was entered a few nights since and his trousers stolen. Evidently Puhll is not a terror to the evil doers.—Miami Metropolis.

The Winter Hobo. The usual winter hobo is making life in the suburbs of Pensacola a burden to citizens. Procuring a living without work is their business.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Won't Injure Them. A wireless telegraph station will be located at Pensacola. Of course this

as a man may have in one pocket a thousand dollars he took out of another pocket, all his own.

Florida has enjoyed splendid, even magnificent and glorious management of her financial affairs, and the present condition is one that should fill the heart of every Floridian with pride, and it no doubt does.

It places Florida in a position to share with ease the era of prosperity, growth and development that is dawning with the brilliant flush and bright promise of a spring morning.

will not put Escambia wire-pulling politicians out of business.—Palatka Times-Herald.

Not a Pioneer. The Pensacola News solemnly admonishes its local contemporary, the Journal, "lest it forget," that it was not the pioneer in the printing business in that city. It seems from a quotation from the London Chronicle of June 5, 1764, that a printing press was shipped to Pensacola more than 140 years ago.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

A Bulging Start. Escambia county has made a bulging start in the morality line. Judge Beggs Monday imposed four \$500 fines and seventeen of \$50 each for gambling.—Milton Index.

Noisless Crackman. Pensacola has at last developed the noiseless safe crackman.—Tampa Herald.

Getting Well Advertised. Even if he does come out at the small end of the horn, as he probably will, in the Senate trial of the impeachment charges, Federal Judge Swaine will have the satisfaction of knowing that next to Reed Smoot he is being made one of the best advertised and notorious personages now before the American public.—Miami Metropolis.

Lack of Enterprise. The Pensacola papers are complaining about the lack of enterprise of the merchants of that city in not advertising. The Jacksonville Metropolis should invite them to "move to Jacksonville," as it did the wholesale merchants of Ocala and Gainesville a few weeks ago.—Zolfo Advertiser.

Made a Mistake. Maybe Judge Swaine wasn't aware that reconstruction is over in the South. He seems to have mistaken

The Rude Awakening of The Pensacola Merchants.

(Bartow Courier-Informant.)

Pensacola merchants who did not believe in advertising have been rudely shocked from their slumber. They conducted their business on the narrow policy, prevalent in many places, that "everybody knew they were in business." This dream of fancied security in public favor was dispelled when hustlers in Jacksonville, Atlanta and Mobile began advertising in The Pensacola Journal, some using a page of space to tell of the bargains in their cities.

They saw that Pensacola dealers were neglecting opportunities to influence trade, and sagacious out-of-town business men jumped at the chance to tell the people of Pensacola things which they should have been told by their own merchants.

The history of the holiday trade in the deep-water city should bring a change of belief concerning advertising to the Pensacola merchants who

himself for a judicial satrap.—Atlanta Constitution.

On a Cold Trail. C. A. Choate, a well known Florida newspaper man, is now in the employ of the city government of Pensacola to find the original water company's franchise. Rather cold trail, isn't it?—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Would Show Up Well. Pensacola wants a mile of good road built by Government experts within the city. Nowhere would it show to better advantage, if a well-traveled street is chosen.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Rojevstevsky Will Not Hurry. London, Jan. 21.—The Times this morning says it has trustworthy information that Vice-Admiral Rojevstevsky is not likely to reach Far Eastern waters for at least another three months, and is not likely for the present even to enter the Eastern waters of the Indian ocean.

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